

BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS

BY FRANK SCULLY

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Author's Preface

BETWEEN THE PEOPLE and government today lies a double standard of morality. Anything remotely scientific has become by government definition a matter of military security first; hence of secrecy, something which does not breed security but fear. If we see anything unusual, even in the skies, we the people must either freeze our lips, like a Russian peasant at the sight of a commissar, or give our names, addresses, business connections, and testimony to be screened and filtered by anonymous intelligence officers.

Feared and respected by many people, these anonymous creatures can deny what we say, ridicule what we say, and sometimes (and in an increasing number of countries) jail us for what we say—especially if our timing does not match to the second their intended official pronouncements on the subject.

Just as the communists have made a god of their Uncle Joe, we have begun to deify our faceless spokesman. Both should be fought by free men as word oppressors.

Without going into it at too great a length, this all ties up with the loss of faith in formal religion, which forces people to cling to the New Sublimation.

The only way for a free people to fight such encroachments on free inquiry is to say in advance, "What I am telling you will be denied," or "This is true but those who say so now will be branded as dreamers, and if they persist, as liars."

It completely destroys American sportsmanship standards when we the people stick to the rules while an opposing team of censors who have usurped our rights are permitted, by their own hand-picked referee, to pull rabbit-punches on defensive play, hamstringing us from the rear if we seem to be running well in an open field, and even machine-gun the ball in mid-air if we are kicking an almost certain field goal.

There is only one thing to do under such a setup. Expose their tactics. Show that more offenses are committed under the word "defense" than this world dreams of. Insist that what we say is the whole truth, and what they say is not the whole truth.

That may seem a dreadful way to treat our own flesh and blood, our commissioned sons who have been trained for combat but have been assigned in peacetime to espionage and counter-espionage. But since our sons in uniform do not report to us, the people, but to Central Intelligence (which as far as we can make out reports to nobody and is answerable to nobody), how otherwise can we get our current findings to our own friends?

Scientists believe they have suffered more than any other group from the postwar loyalty hysteria but writers cannot be far behind them. The "thread of intolerance" which runs through our history has now become as thick as a noose to hang us. Under the circumstances, to write a book, knowing not only that you will be ridiculed but also knowing who will do the ridiculing and not have a counteroffensive ready, is to be starry-eyed and unrealistic.

Rather than be rated dreamers by such obvious interior proof that we *are* dreamers, it is a good deal smarter to swing first and say that all bureaucrats, whether in tweeds or bogged down with salad dressing, are incompetent time servers, hanging on the public payroll till pensioned or rewarded with a stuffed shirt job in private enterprise (privately endowed universities, naturally, included) and are truth trimmers to boot.

In order to regain this lost freedom we will have to say "a pox on both your houses" and cease to be brushed off by the perpetual hocus-pocus involved in such phrases of these spokesmen as "top secret," "secret and confidential," "restricted," and "withheld for reasons of security."

Such brushoffs are almost invariably followed by a statement from another department of the defense arm, that what we are hiding isn't really worth concealing, that we are defended by old and obsolete equipment, and that, finally, unless we grant them an additional billion dollars for new equipment overnight, we are dead ducks, saucers or no saucers!

Propaganda has made true and false practically obsolete in our language. In fact if a spokesman has served time in intelligence, it may fairly be said, the truth is no longer in him. They cannot even buy or sell lies with skill. If so, why are they being arrested all over the world and almost invariably getting a sentence of fifteen years? Has that become the fair trade practices act on the international level?

Perhaps it would be clearer to readers if I illustrated with a few samples of this dismal wallpaper pattern. On June 24, 1947, businessman Kenneth Arnold of Boise, Idaho, flying his own plane, first reported he had seen several flying saucers in the area of Mt. Rainier, Washington. Reports of other saucers from other areas followed.

Then on August 9, Lieutenant Colonel Donald Springer, assistant to the chief of staff of the Fourth Air Force, decided to stop the nonsense. Despite the fact that his command had an unsolved mystery on its hands concerning molten material claimed to have fallen on Maury Island, and the death of two army pilots who were transporting the material for further examination, Colonel Springer said, as far as he was concerned, there was no basis for belief in flying disks in the Tacoma area "or any other."

Newspapers took this as some sort of hint and piped down on the subject. With what result? That by January, 1948, six months after Colonel Springer's dismissal of the subject, the Pentagon set up Project Saucer to investigate the hundreds of reports that had been coming in. *Fate* devoted almost half of its first issue to flying saucers and led off with an article by Kenneth Arnold entitled "I Did See The Flying Disks."

Project Saucer proceeded in a quiet unhysterical way for eighteen months before issuing even a preliminary report. *The Saturday Evening Post* apparently got the idea that the report was going to be negative, so it had Sidney Shalett, (with the collaboration of Ray Palmer?) prepare two articles on the subject for almost simultaneous release.¹ The articles turned out to be rather long-winded recapitulations of various flying saucer case histories previously explored, and the general impression left after reading them was that believers in the actuality of flying saucers appeared as not quite bright.

Shalett's first article appeared in the *Post* issue dated April 30; the second, May 7. The April 30 issue was on the newsstand several days before April 30 of course. In fact it was on sale when the Air Force issued its April 27 preliminary report. The Air Force report crossed up the *Post*. This was in line with the pattern I have previously outlined of making fools of collaborators.

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Far from confirming Colonel Springer or the *Post*, the official report held that there was something to the flying saucer stories after all. It even entertained the idea that the saucers might be from another planet. It left many of its case histories with no solution, as far as this earth or Air Force Intelligence was concerned, but promised more light on these later.

Having thus proceeded to lure the *Post* into "fronting" for a negative approach, the Air Force proceeded to accentuate the positive. This naturally opened the door to those rival editors who thought they saw a new trend. *True* magazine figured it could cash in on the *Post's* loss of face. Its publisher, editor, and a contributor reassembled much of the *Fate* and *Post* material and told the tale again, except that instead of casting doubt on all believers in aerial disks, *True* followed an older party line established by *Fate* in the spring of 1948 and declared in December, 1949, "Flying Saucers Are Real."

Hardly had *True's* copies reached the newsstands when Air Force Intelligence denied *True's* position from beginning to end. Its spokesman announced on December 27, 1949 that Project Saucer had been closed. It classified believers in flying saucers practically as psychopaths or hoaxers. It left no other way open as an escape hatch for *True* or anybody else.

This Machiavellian pattern of inflating and deflating those who agreed or disagreed with the military on flying saucers continued and was not likely to be altered even if, and when the whole truth came out. The formula seemed to be: "Play ball with us—and we'll let you have it between the eyes."

Though I have not the slightest interest in what the military may or may not say about this book, I want my readers to understand my position. I have never seen a flying saucer. I have never had a hallucination that I have seen a flying saucer. I have never joined in any mass hysteria on the subject, and to the best of my knowledge and belief I have never participated in the perpetration of a hoax on flying saucers.

I have talked to men of science who have told me they have not only seen them but have worked on several. I have tried to the best of my ability to find flaws in their stories. But to date I have not succeeded in placing them in any of the three categories laid down by the Air Force.

Scientists do not want to go to war with the Army over the issue. They have to get essential materials for research, and certain branches of the Department of Defense might find it difficult to find such essential materials for scientists who will not co-operate. Do they make themselves clear?

Is it any wonder therefore that I advise readers to treat any official comment as no more to be considered than old newspapers blowing in the wind? In fact, if such faceless men should say that the objects are (a) newspapers or (b) *not* newspapers but fragments of flying saucers, they are *not* to be believed either way. Not until we the people, we who have names, addresses, and the courage of our convictions, not until we say there are such things as flying saucers is it authentic. And we have been saying it for sometime.

Now read BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS in comfort and throw in the fire unread all the Pentagonic denials from this day forward.

Decoration Day
1950

FRANK SCULLY

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The Mystery of The University of Denver

AS THE SECOND HALF of the twentieth century began, three things experienced strange news emphasis. Two practically did not exist for *The New York Times*. The third, which did not actually exist at the time for anybody, was featured for months in this great newspaper as well as all others.

The two that had practically no news value to *The New York Times* were numerous reports of the presence of flying saucers over our mainland, and the birth of Ingrid Bergman's baby in Italy.

The third item had not been verified as anything more than a terrifying nightmare, and many of the scientists who were expected to turn it into a reality were not sure that it would work if, and when, made. That was the hydrogen bomb. But to the newspapers, without exception, the unmade bomb was *un fait accompli*.

It is hard to believe that to all people living in the spring of 1950 this thermonuclear monster was already a reality, while to the majority flying saucers, either from here or elsewhere, remained the stuff of which dreams are made.

A bomb which might destroy fifty times as many persons as did the atomic bomb released over Hiroshima, in the process of construction, was of course news. But it certainly had less reality in 1950 than the stockpile of stories about flying saucers in our atmosphere and possibly on our soil.

Such a story, if true, might well be among the greatest stories told since the creation of the world. It would seem that, if a choice had to be made, almost any government surviving on deficit-spending or lend-lease, or even on the sweat of its people would decide to budget millions for studying interplanetary space ships, rather than to spend the same amount making bombs which could contribute nothing new to man's knowledge and understanding of this world or any other.

Yet given such a choice, at least one government chose to close down a Project Saucer after two years of researching on a modest budget and report that its Air Force had traced all reports of unidentified flying objects to:

1. Misinterpretation of various conventional objects,
2. A mild form of mass hysteria,
3. Or hoaxes.

Its unidentified spokesman briefly explained that the project had been established two years previously at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio, headquarters of Air Matériel Command.

"Since that time" [January, 1948] "some 375 incidents have been reported and investigated," the report concluded. "Assisting special investigators were scientific consultants from universities and other governmental agencies."

No names of investigators, consultants, or colleges were mentioned. Indeed between that brief dismissal and a fairly long report of six months previously which, despite its length, left 34 of 375 incidents still unsolved (even to the Air Force's satisfaction) the 34 unsolved mysteries were closed out without any explanations whatever. If they were ever solved at all they remained top secret to all but the military.

Yet hardly had Project Saucer's final press release been printed when a series of reports on flying saucers began bombarding newspapers from every corner of the Western World. As the government's project was closed, the bearer of these tidings had nowhere to go except to their local newspapers.

There had been an *entente cordiale* between the press and the Department of Defense to ignore these stories during the two years of the Air Force's official inquiry. But when the Air Force pulled out, the floodgates opened. Some newspapers continued to throw flying saucers into their wastebaskets. Others broke down under the persistent barrage of reader reports and reader interest. By Easter time every radio commentator of any standing, every comedian, every legislator, every televisable personality, even *The New York Times*, had had his or her say. Walter Winchell was sure he had had it first and that the missiles were from Russia. Henry J. Taylor had tried his hand twice. His version was that the saucers were American, not Russian. He assured his listeners his elaborate radio accounts of the authenticity of flying saucers contained only half the story, and when the rest was released by the armed forces it would be good news tonight. In fact, he sounded more like Gabriel Heatter than Henry J. Taylor. David Lawrence threw all the prestige of his *U. S. News and World Report* behind the believers in the reality of flying saucers and said they were "a revolutionary type, a combination of helicopter and a fast jet plane." Even the President had to be dragged out of his Key West retreat to blow that one down. Eleanor Roosevelt had interviewed Captain Jack Adams and First Officer G. W. Anderson, two veteran pilots of the Chicago and Southern Airlines. They reported the flying saucer they had seen over Arkansas which they insisted was not a visitor from another planet but a secret experimental type aircraft and not jet-propelled either. Walter Kieran said he wished Drew Pearson would confirm the story and get it over with. "I'm willing to believe it," he added. But a week before Kieran's broadcast Drew Pearson had con-

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firmed it. Fulton Lewis, Jr. had aired his version. Bob Hope, Red Skelton, Fibber McGee and Molly, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Amos and Andy, and, of course, Jack Benny had also kicked the saucer around. Everybody, including Jimmy Durante had got into the act.

But the real inside story had been missed by all of them. It happened on March 8, 1950, in Denver, Colorado. On that day at 12:30 P.M. 350 students of the University of Denver skipped lunch to hear a confidential scientific discourse delivered by what the press described later as "an unidentified middle-aged lecturer."

He delivered what was probably the most sensational lecture about this earth or any other planet since Galileo said, "It moves!" He gave the whole inside story of a flying saucer which he said had landed within 500 miles of where he was now talking and he described the space ship and its personnel in such detail that the undergraduates and faculty members left the lecture room with their heads spinning.

Such is the nature of man's distorted sense of curiosity, however, that *who* the lecturer was soon began to overshadow *what* he had said. *He*, not the flying saucer, became the mystery that had to be solved by the students first.

It was recalled some hours later that the lecturer had been escorted by one George T. Koehler of 315 Franklin, Denver 3, Colorado, a staff member of an independent Rocky Mountain radio station, with the call letters of KMYR. It was commented upon by those faculty members who attended the lecture that Koehler never introduced the lecturer by name to anybody. (But the lecturer later explained to me that the professor whose job it was to guard the speaker's anonymity in his introduction certainly knew who he was.)

Before beginning the main body of his talk, the lecturer explained that he would purposely have to leave out certain names, dates, and places, and must not be asked about them, as some of the scientists were working on security projects, and therefore were not free to talk even about such flying saucers as they were reported to have examined personally. With *that* even the professors got out their notebooks.

He talked like a faculty member who knew how to time his well-considered words so that the scribbling students would not fall off at the first turn. He spaced his revelations, which at the end of the lecture were described as "startling," "sensational," "spellbinding," and "electrifying," by the majority; and "absurd," "ridiculous," and "unbelievable," by the minority.

In actual figures his lecture, which took 50 minutes, left about 40 per cent of his audience still with their mystery. The lecture was arranged for students of a basic science class on the condition that it was not to be publicized. But from a group of 90 students, the gathering had grown by grapevine to a capacity audience. Professors of astronomy and engineering as well as their students piled in. There wasn't even standing room only.

The negotiations between the faculty and the spokesman for the lecturer took months to arrange, as the speaker wasn't keen about being "evaluated," but when the science students voted 100 per cent to hear the lecturer, he acquiesced. Of these, 80 per cent said, after the lecture, that they were "impressed." By a show of hands 60 per cent indicated they believed the man knew what he was talking about, that he obviously was a member of the group of scientists he described as having examined space ships which had landed on this earth from, in all likelihood, another planet. More, they believed the mystery man of science had the best answer to the secret of propulsion behind these flying saucers and that it was neither combustion nor jet.

Another poll taken later reduced the college-bred believers in this staggering story from 60 per cent to 50 per cent.

This was considerably higher than the over-all credence in flying saucers. According to a nation-wide survey by the United Press one out of every four believed the objects were real ships. Actually 26 per cent believed they were and 8 per cent weren't sure. The rest agreed with the Air Force spokesman who said they were hallucinations, mass hysteria, or hoaxes. These would include those members of the University of Denver faculty who thought their speaker's performance was at best a very good act. It would also include those who suspected it was a hoax played on the fair name of a proud university. But all agreed that the mysterious stranger talked as plausibly, as conservatively, and as scientifically as Einstein, Oppenheimer, or Busch might have talked if placed in the position of presenting equally sensational revelations to an equally skeptical audience.

After the mysterious scientist had been plied for fifteen minutes with questions, George Koehler cried: "Great Scott, we have to get out of here! You have only twenty minutes to catch your plane!"

With that, the pair hurried out of the building, climbed into a high-powered car and drove off.

The conversation piece on interplanetary travel had set up such a chain reaction that within the hour members of the faculty, students, newspaper editors, and radio commentators were trampling all over each other in their mad haste to violate a confidence. Within two hours they in turn were being questioned by Air Force Intelligence officers.

The first thing the investigators wanted to know was what was the man's name. Nobody quite knew. One freshman remembered he had been referred to as "Great Scott" just before he and Koehler took off. A faculty member recalled introducing him to another as "Mr. Sears," and being corrected, but he couldn't remember what the man said his name was.

"I think he said it was 'Newton' or maybe that he was a friend of Newton."

"You mean the Mayor of Denver?"

No, they were sure he wasn't the Mayor of Denver.

"You mean a man can lecture at the University of Denver and not be identified at all?" the military demanded.

The faculty didn't quite mean that, certainly not in the face of all loyalty oaths, witch-hunting, and security taboos which were bogging down what was left of their academic freedom, but the man had been vouched for by Koehler and, after all, he only had talked harmlessly on a fascinating subject about which man had speculated for hundreds of years.

"Harmlessly?" the military repeated. "How do you know the subject is harmless? Did anybody get the number of his car? Or overhear what hotel he was stopping at?"

Well, one auditor remembered that Koehler did say that the man had to catch a plane in twenty minutes.

"Did he say to *where*?"

"No," the informer remarked, "but Koehler would know."

"Oh Koehler!" the investigator cried in disgust and hung up.

Why that? Well, for months it seems Air Force Intelligence as well as editors—from Publisher Ken Purdy of *True* who was out on a limb because he had proclaimed in giant type "FLYING SAUCERS ARE REAL," down to an unby-lined reporter on *The*

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Kansas City Times—had been badgering Koehler about details concerning flying saucers. Actually Koehler had none first hand.

No one would believe him, least of all Air Force Intelligence, whose members acted as if they were quite sure Koehler had a pipeline into the very cabin of a flying saucer which was reported by some to have landed somewhere in the Great American Desert, and was further reported by others to have been dismantled by the very souvenir-hunting military of which Air Force Intelligence was an integral part. Were the military Dick Tracys seeking information or were they trying to bottle up all who had the same information they had? Were they fearful that their own experiments in space ships would leak out, or did they believe the flying saucers were being hurled like boomerangs from behind the Kremlin wall?

Months before this tempest in a university teapot the Air Force had announced that Project Saucer, which it had set up at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, in January, 1948 had been ordered closed by the end of 1949. The preliminary report issued in April, 1949 had discarded 341, remember, of 375 reports which had been investigated since a businessman in Boise, Idaho, had reported that in the summer of 1947 while flying his private plane he had sighted nine saucer-like objects which shot through space at a speed too fast for him to compute.

Of the remaining 34 case histories concerned with flying saucers the Air Force officers could find no satisfactory answers. Seemingly they could not ascribe these to hoaxes, hallucinations, and sure-fire devices of nobodies hungry to see their names in newspaper headlines. Nevertheless, despite these unsolved mysteries, the Air Force announced late in December, 1949 that the whole project had been shelved and as far as its investigators were concerned flying saucers were a myth and the belief in them a form of mass hysteria in which it was taking no further part.

Despite this shunting of strange disk-like objects sweeping the sky at tremendous speeds to the file-and-forget file by the Air Force, persons who reported to newspapers any unfamiliar objects whirling through our wide open spaces often found themselves playing host soon thereafter to members of the espionage echelon of the military on local levels. Newspapermen and others in the know laughed at the idea that Project Saucer had been closed. Some even openly printed their derision. The Pentagon didn't bother to deny that their saucerian inquiry had gone underground and was now operating under another name.

Koehler had been one of many private citizens who had had a brush with a counterespionage body. But having been an old professional football player on the Chicago Bears before he got into the selling end of radio, he was not one to take a roust without delivering a counterpunch. When an army investigator turned up at Station KMYR on the hunt for flying saucer data, Koehler decided to record their conversations.

On a subsequent visit from another officer representing Operation Hush-Hush (which presumably had supplanted Project Saucer) Koehler was surprised when at the end of the interview he was ordered to surrender the reel. "We know you have been recording these interviews," the officer told him. "Now hand them over."

Caught off guard, Koehler said he'd have to consult the station's owner before handing over company property to anybody.

"If it's for reasons of security" [the magic word], "by all means," the proprietor agreed.

Koehler left the conference, explaining he'd have to have the engineer rewind the recordings, which happened to be on tape. Having also learned how to handle government bureaucrats from their own double-talk, Koehler went to the engineer's booth and with his back to the military winked at the technician and then ordered, "Fix up the recordings for the gentleman."

He sure fixed them. In rewinding the spools the engineer demagnetized the wire, completely wiping out all recorded conversations as if a wet sponge had been rubbed over a chalk mark on a blackboard. Thus when played back later by the exultant espionage officers the result was exactly nothing. So when in the pursuit of the mystery man of science who had lectured at the University of Denver the Air Force Intelligence boys cried, "Oh, Koehler!" they were practically adding under their breaths, "We could wring that bird's neck!"

What they did instead was to summon all passenger lists of commercial planes out of Denver on March 8, from 1:30 P.M. on. They combed these to see if any scientists whose names had ever come up in relation to the late Project Saucer had defied an unofficial directive for all scientists remotely connected with defense (and that about included everybody with a B.S. degree) to button up about flying saucers. The manhunt got nowhere. The mystery man of science hadn't left town on any plane from Denver that day.

Scarcely had Air Force Intelligence swallowed the bitter pill of a lost suspect when flying discs began flying around like an August festival of moths around an arc light.

Within the week Mexico City, Los Angeles, Durango, Colorado; Mazatlan, Dayton; Gering, Nebraska; Orangeburg, South Carolina; Lima, Peru; and even the Chilean Navy were reporting saucer-shaped objects in their skies. Most of the stories were one-day wonders: streamer headlines one evening, watered down or reduced to hearsay the next. But here and there a story showed surprising staying power.

Surprising, too, was the double standard of identity maintained in these matters. Every citizen who thought he saw a flying saucer had to turn in a report that left no doubt about who he was, where he was, and the alcoholic content of his blood for one week before and one week after he had observed "a silver-like saucer whizzing through space." But in two years of sitting in the reviewing stand the Air Force never publicly identified so much as one officer or civilian technical adviser it had used to blow down these ever-increasing reports.

Even in the case of the University of Denver lecturer, it would not permit him to enjoy the same anonymity which it claimed for itself. The faculty and students were pledged not to publicize what they had heard but to evaluate it for what it was worth to them as science students. The speaker told them to disregard all but what he said. For this reason he was not introduced by name or by his degrees.

One of the things the lecturer said was that the first flying saucer found on this earth was discovered by his colleagues within 500 miles of where he was talking right there in Denver. This didn't send the science students scurrying into the field in all directions, as it should have if they had any feeling for research. It sent some to newspaper offices and the rest spent the afternoon lying on the lawn and gazing at the sky. By the next day the horizontal scanners had increased to nearer one thousand students.

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That behind all this smoke was no fire whatever continued to be the unyielding premise of the Air Force High Command, officially, though its officers continued to hop around like chameleons on a scotch plaid unofficially. Outwardly the Air Force took a detached position in the Christmas season of 1949 and maintained it unperturbed right through the Easter sunrise services of 1950, even though warned by men of high standing in the electro-magnetic branch of science that these alien objects in our skies were known for years to pile up in heaviest numbers in January, February, and March. Judging from the piling up of newspaper reports, the scientists were certainly right in their calculations and the weary Air Force spokesmen were wrong.

The second phase of the University of Denver story was either to find the name of the lecturer who might, for all the faculty knew, be an agent from Moscow, Idaho, or to find a "patsy" to blame for the affair. While this was going on, a report came in from Santiago, Chile, quoting Commander Augusto Vars Orrego, head of the Chilean Antarctic Base, as saying that several explorers under his command had photographed flying saucers. The commander denied the possibility of optical illusions because the pictures, he insisted, corroborated what was observed. Whether these would be published depended on his superiors in the Chilean Navy, he told the United Press. So far they haven't been.

This report had scarcely found its place in the line of march before another report out of Santiago from the country's meteorological observatory added that "a spheroid celestial body" (astronomical slang for flying saucer) had been sighted at an estimated height of 18,000 feet. It supposedly crossed the sky in an east to west direction. It remained, according to the naval astronomers, in the sky from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., and then disappeared. It was observed by thousands.

As Chile is outside the boundaries of the U. S. Air Force Intelligence, this one elicited no comment from the Pentagon. As for things at the Denver level their investigators were too busy tailing that mystery man of science to bother with scuttlebutt from the Chilean Navy.

The same day, unfortunately, for those on the negative side of the debate, the director of the Tonantzintla Astronomical Observatory in Mexico reported photographing a flying saucer. The photograph didn't turn out any too well, but the newspaper *Excelsior* printed it nevertheless. Luis Enrique Erro, director of the observatory, said it was photographed on March 2 when the strange circular object crossed the Mexican sky.

Then on March 9, Roy L. Dimmick, Los Angeles sales manager for the Apache Powder Company, the sort of man who would be welcome on almost any jury, started a veritable stampede of disk jitters when he reported a wreckage of a flying saucer picked up near Mexico City. It had a dead pilot on board. The space ship measured 46 feet across, he said, and the pilot measured 23 inches.

"American military men have viewed the strange object," Dimmick testified, "but for military security reasons the entire matter has been kept very hush-hush."

The next day Dimmick dropped back to what the military call "a previously prepared position" and said he hadn't actually seen the space ship personally but had talked to two important men—one from Mexico and the other from Ecuador—who had. One had given him a strip of metal from the saucer. It looked like aluminum, but wasn't of a metal known to this earth, he added. This had a familiar ring. I've handled some of that stuff, too.

"I think the government ought to make its position clear," Dimmick complained. "If it doesn't want to discuss these things for reasons of security, why not say so?"

But the Air Force was not saying anything of the sort. The saucers were "a mild form of mass hysteria." (Except in cases like Dimmick's. He would fall, I suppose, according to their rigid classifications, into either the group suffering from hallucinations or the perpetrators of hoaxes.)

Brigadier General Rodriguez Cardenas, chief of the Mexican Air Corps, added his disclaimer, indicating that the good neighbor policy was not dead when it came to reciprocal agreements on press releases of this sort. It was getting so that pilots, navigators, and others trained to observe objects in the sky were not keen about reporting their observations any longer to Air Force Intelligence. There were too many kickbacks. To observe was to be suspect; to know was to be guilty. It was a crazy situation for America to find herself in, but there it was.

Most persons in responsible posts learned to take the official position as if it had all the force of a directive. Almost to a man you could bank on such persons accenting the positive, if the Pentagon was going that way, or adding their ridicule if the trend was downhill.

In the midst of positive reports from here, there, and everywhere, Dr. Gerard P. Kuiper, professor of astronomy at the University of Chicago, laughed at the idea that the pilot of the saucer reported in Mexico was a small man, but suggested that pilots of space ships could be smart bugs or small plants, because that's all, in his opinion, the planet Mars could produce at present.

This sort of smart-alec rebuttal couldn't possibly receive an official rebuff at the time because it was in the "right" direction. Moreover, it sort of set the party line for other astronomers.

Off the record you could find dissenting opinions from astronomers whose standing was just as high as Kuiper's. Many kept an open mind on the issue. Some believed the objects were flying saucers but were still at a loss as to their origin. A few favored one planet or another as a possibility. But from Kuiper's whimsy you'd think that everybody had agreed the space ships were from Mars. Who said they were from Mars? Orson Welles? The ghost of the long dead R. A. Locke? Or was this a device of the military, a negative approach, to condition us to further revelations later involving Mars?

Though no Air Force officer has been known to have written on the subject, *True* magazine managed to get two Navy men to break loose from the corral during this era. Donald E. Keyhoe, a former Marine pilot, and Robert E. McLaughlin, a commander still on active service, wrote about flying saucers they had seen or had heard about. The articles were long on sound and fury, and while it might be harsh to say they signified nothing, that was more because of poor writing rather than poor material. *True* was not the first in the field by any means. I was at least ten weeks ahead of *True* with articles in *Variety*, and *Fate* was ahead of me by a year. But mine was not a rewrite. I used material never previously printed by anybody anywhere—*Fate*, the *Post*, and *True* included.

Much of this was subsequently reprinted from *Variety* in papers as widely scattered as Boston, Buffalo, Kansas City, and Los Angeles, and a good deal of it has been released over one radio station or another.

During most of these exposés, Air Force Intelligence maintained a weary silence in the face of aerial observations which had turned the peoples of all countries from discussions of the cold war to hot speculations about flying saucers.

Tape
As for Denver, and its mysterious lecturer of March 8, 1950, the music went 'round and 'round. Someone remembered that a ~~wire~~ recording had been made of the scientist's talk and that it probably was stashed away at Station KMYR where Koehler worked. Koehler's employer permitted a group of Denver businessmen to listen to the recording so that they could better understand the ridiculousness of all the espionage and counter-espionage on the Denver campus.

By then the Chancellor, who had been out of town when the lecture was delivered, was sounding off. He issued a directive to his faculty. They would have to screen speakers more carefully in the future. An anonymous writer on *The Denver Post* liked this approach to the problem. So he tried his editorial hand at rebuffing anonymity among visiting lecturers. His rebuff had all the moral force of pots calling kettles black.

In the audience of leading citizens at the radio transcription was a reporter of the same *Denver Post*. He broke the story anew in a Sunday edition. This brought the Army Air Force Intelligence into the picture again. Finally Koehler said he could take the third-degree stuff no longer.

"The name of the mystery scientist is Edgar B. Davis!" he cried.

It was agreed by all who heard it that this was a nice honest sounding name.

But who was Edgar B. Davis?

The hunt started out anew.

Tape
At the very hour, however, when Denver was listening to a recording of the lecture, several persons in Hollywood were listening to a tape recording of the same lecture. It was taken from the original ~~wire~~ recording. In Hollywood it was heard in the private home of a doctor and his wife who had been a graduate nurse and a former airline hostess. The recording was in the custody of a geophysicist, a man known to me for years.

All were unquestionably astounded by the revelations and even more so by the fact that the voice on the tape and the one of the geophysicist were almost beyond a shadow of a doubt one and the same voice. Of course, since the flying time between Denver and Los Angeles is only a matter of six hours his presence in both places in the same day could not be advanced as conflicting testimony.

But on March 17, Denver's faculty, student body, press, and Air Force intelligence officers were pretty well convinced they had identified the lecturer who had had the temerity to write the bad words "Flying Saucers For Beginners" on their cloistered walls.

Four students, as well as Barron Beshoar, Denver's bureau manager of Time-Life Incorporated (a gate-crasher to the lecture incidentally), were sure from *Denver Post* photographers that the man was Silas Mason Newton, president of the Newton Oil Company, amateur golf champion of Colorado in 1942, graduate of Baylor University and Yale, who did postgraduate work at the University of Berlin, a man who had never made more than \$25,000,000 nor lost more than \$20,000,000, the rediscoverer of the Rangely oil field, patron of the arts, and man of the world generally. In brief, a man of substance as well as science and as American as apple pie.

One student later admitted he remembered the lecturer and knew who he was all along because he had caddied for him at the Lakewood golf course many times. But he hadn't spoken up before because he understood there was to be no publicity. Hadn't the subject matter been announced as confidential, he wanted to know?

This tempest in a university teapot, cooked up to make modesty appear as scandalous and tattletelling as a virtue, was all but obliterated from even *The Denver Post* by a wire story out of Farmington, New Mexico, on the afternoon of March 17. The sky, it appeared, had been cluttered with flying saucers for three days. But on St. Patrick's day in the morning half the town reported saucers in the sky. Some saw hundreds, none saw less than nine.

Farmington is an oil town of 5,000 persons. Its citizens are given more to looking down than looking up. Their living is way down there in the bowels of the earth in the San Juan Basin of northern New Mexico, close to the Colorado line; within, significantly, that 500 miles of Denver the lecturer referred to.

The town has one newspaper, the *Farmington Daily Times*. On one ear of its front-page masthead it proclaims, "Our mission—Truth, our faith—New Mexico." It was established in 1884, a long time before Air Force Intelligence, and its reputation for veracity in the community is good.

So when on the morning of March 18 it ran an eight-column banner headline proclaiming "Hugh Saucer Armada Jolts Farmington," it was reporting the news as the entire staff and most of the town's population saw it. Clayton J. Boddy, the paper's business manager, and Orville Ricketts, the associate editor had a hand in it, but the story was actually written by Walter Rogal, the managing editor.

The main story told that fully half the town's population was still certain the morning after that it had seen space ships or some strange aircrafts—hundreds of them—zooming through the skies on the previous day. The estimates ran from several to more than five hundred. "Whatever they were," the writer reported, "they caused a major sensation in this community which lies only a 110 air miles northwest of the hugh Los Alamos Atomic installation."

The objects appeared to play tag high in the sky. At times they streaked away at almost unbelievable speeds. One triangulation estimated the speed at 1,000 miles an hour, and guessed the saucers were about twice the size of a B-29.

The newspaper office was deluged with calls from persons who saw the objects and wanted some explanation of their origin. Most observers described the space ships as silvery discs, and a number agreed one was red in color.

Clayton J. Boddy, a former captain of the engineers of the American Army in Italy, was just one of the number who testified as to what he saw. He was one in fact among those who thought there appeared to be about five hundred of them. His account was confirmed by Joseph C. Callioff and Frances C. Callioff, grocers from Antonito, Colorado, and Robert Foutz, and John Burrell of Farmington. The Callioffs were in Farmington inspecting sites for a proposed new store in their chain, and they contributed the opinion that the saucers seemed to be flying in formation.

Harold F. Thatcher, director of the Farmington unit of the U. S. Soil Conservation Service, was the one who made the triangulation. Not an engineer, he had engineers working under him and knew how to make a rough triangulation of an object.

He laughed off the idea that the sky might have been full of pieces of cotton fuzz floating around. "I was not sighting on any cotton," he said. The cotton theory was a contribution of a state patrolman named Andy Andrews.

The first reports of flying saucers were noted at 10:15 A.M. and for an hour thereafter reports kept streaming in.

The second large-scale sighting appeared at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The first report that one of the saucers appeared red came from John Eaton, a real estate salesman, and Edward Brooks, a garage employee. Brooks had been a B-29 tail-gunner, and was the first to discount the objects as that of modern aircraft. They were "too maneuverable" he said.

John Bloomfield, another garage employee said that they traveled about ten times faster than jet planes and frequently made right-angled turns. "They appeared to be coming at each other head on," he added. At the last second one would veer at right angles upward and the other at right angles downward.

"From the ground they appeared about the size of a dinner plate," said Marlow Webb, another employee. "They flew sideways, on edge and at every conceivable angle. This is what made it easy to determine that they were saucer-shaped."

No one reported seeing any vapor trails, or hearing any engine noises.

In general the town accepted the phenomenon calmly enough. Except for a few isolated reports there was no indication of Air Force's tired old trinity—hallucinations, mass hysteria, and hoaxes.

As to whether the objects were from another planet or some new craft of American design, the town's opinion was divided.

At 11:15 A.M. the clearest view and reports of the largest number of saucers came into the *Farmington Times*. By 11:30 all had disappeared.

Nearby Las Vegas reported that at 11:35 observers caught a glimpse of the saucers. Twelve postal employees witnessed one that sailed till noon. One employee was Robert Hilgers, a lieutenant in the naval reserve. He said the object was very high in the sky, "probably twenty miles."

The *Las Vegas Daily Optic* gave the Farmington story an eight-column streamer too. "SPACE SHIPS CAUSE SENSATION" it proclaimed.

All previous official explanations in the Air Force stockpile, that these things could be kites, balloons, reflections, debris from atomic bomb tests at nearby Alamogordo, wind-blown merry-go-rounds, suggestibility, hallucinations, mirages, and postwar psychoses didn't seem to cover the Farmington revelations. A whole town couldn't be seeing things.

Without knowing it, that Farmington fish story had come awfully close to landing a whale, because it was in that general direction where it all started in the spring of 1948 when a colleague of the lecturer of the University of Denver tempest got a hurry call to fly to New Mexico. He had been in government service on top secret defense projects for seven years and had played a part in 35,000 experiments on land, sea, and air, involving 1,700 scientists. He was still on call and getting pretty tired of these consultations, which at government salaries represents a loss to a man much in demand by industry.

But this time he was too thrilled to be tired. It took him only three hours to fly from Denver to his destination. There on the ground, having gently pancaked to earth, seemingly without having suffered a scratch, he saw the first flying saucer ever known to have landed on this planet.

Not long afterward I heard about it, first from that University of Denver lecturer and later from the lips of one of the magnetic research scientists who had personally examined the space ship.

"I don't believe a word of it," I remember saying at the time, but tell me more about it. What did it look like? Where was it found?"

The scientist told me but he also told me so many other things that I had forgotten the name of the town. He explained about magnetic fault zones particularly in Oregon and on the Mojave Desert and how the pilots of these ships seemed to be as curious about them as bees about honey. He said he was checking to see if this curiosity was a likely source or had any connection with the propulsion behind their ships. He told me he suspected they had mastered secrets of flying, which we were only now seeing most dimly.

I kept my own counsel for months. But when others less well informed began sounding off in all directions about flying saucers, I thought it was about time that I told the world if nothing more than proof that I knew more than I had read in the papers.

In fact the night the *Denver Post* was exposing Scientist X and the Farmington citizens were exposing Operation Hush-Hush, I was dining in Hollywood with the man all Denver was hunting for. He had just talked to George Koehler in Denver by long distance. Koehler had worked for him and had married his nurse. The Farmington report had set Denver in an uproar, Koehler told him.

"Do you remember my telling you," Scientist X said as he hung up, "that the first flying saucer was found on a ranch twelve miles from Aztec?"

I remembered when he reminded me but I had forgotten.

"Yes," I said, "I remember now."

"Well," he said, "Farmington is only twenty-eight miles from that ranch. In fact they flew over the exact place where one of their number had fallen a year ago."

"I wonder why they keep scouting that area?" I asked. "Is it a tribute to the saucer that failed to come home or to show that they have mastered the particular fault zone that grounded an earlier patrol?"

"I covered that in my Denver lecture," he said. "Weren't you paying attention?"

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What the Scientist Said

THOUGH PERHAPS not too much thought has gone into the saying "nearer to church the further from God" (else how explain the piety of monks and nuns?), it nevertheless happens that a hermit on a faraway hilltop sees more clearly into your windows now and then than your next door neighbor. Such an explanation of the vagaries of reflected light might explain also why it was not the Denver newspapers that gave the best report of what Scientist X had said to students of the University of Denver. The reflected prize for the best reporting would go to the *Summerside Journal*, a modest sized publication quartered on Prince Edward Island, Canada; between New Foundland and New Brunswick at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River.

This newspaper obviously got its story from a Denver correspondent, but it recapitulated what the speaker said so well that it's better than a transcript in helping readers arrive at an understanding of what went on that March afternoon.

A transcript of a speech doesn't necessarily leave the reader with a well-rounded picture of what happened. The reason for this is that when a man talks he is primarily appealing to the ears of his readers; when he writes he is appealing to their eyes. Therefore, a complete transcription such as *The New York Times* frequently employs would not necessarily be the truest picture of what a man said. It would certainly lack his emphasis, his gestures, and (in this case) his chalk sketches on the blackboard.

Basically, the questions brought to the surface by this mysterious talker at the University of Denver were: (1) had science really found flying saucers to be real, (2) what did they consist of, and (3) where were they found?

A listener would like to know if the speaker thought the flying saucers had their origin on this earth. If they were, on the other hand, from another planet, what planet? Were they operated by pilots aboard them? And if by pilots, what were the appearance, size, coloring, age, clothes, and some of the other census-taking facts?

Did their knowledge of aerodynamics go deeper than ours would be another natural question.

In a fifty-minute address, it would be too much to expect any scientist to cover this whole field completely. At best he could subdivide the already divided camps between those who believed in flying saucers and those who disbelieved in them. He might reveal certain information along the way, fortifying the general suspicion that he was a man of education and standing in the community, that he was not only a man of science but of substance.

Well, he was saying, to begin with, that there is such a thing as a flying saucer. He was saying, moreover, that the Air Force, despite its announcement to the contrary, had not abandoned its Project Saucer, but was operating on another level and under possibly another name. He was saying that four of these flying saucers had actually landed on this earth.

Three of the four, he added, had been captured and had been inspected by men with whom he was currently identified in geophysical research. Thirty-four men, measuring between thirty-six inches to forty inches in height had been found dead in three of the saucers discovered.

The first saucer to land on this earth, he said, landed less than two years previous to his talk, "on a site within 500 miles of Denver."

The saucer not only didn't appear to come from any part of this earth, but the question of where it came from still remained unsolved. The best speculation, he added, was Venus, but he continued to stress the point that it was still a wide-open question.

Under research, he said, the materials used in the saucer had disclosed two metals unknown to us. This convinced him and his co-scientists that the saucers were not likely made by us or rival powers.

Found in the first space ship were instruments which seemingly measured lines of magnetic force. These instruments were a key to something which his group was still working on and believed when they solved it, they would have solved the whole problem of the propulsion of these saucers. He said such ships capable of traveling with the speed of light could leave such a planet as Venus, say, which is 161,000,000 miles from us when our orbits lie in extreme positions, and return to Venus in less than one hour.

According to the correspondent of the *Summerside Journal*, the lecturer never identified himself in his introduction. His speech was calculated, well thought out and delivered slowly enough for the slowest student to absorb and record.

There was no particular accent or diction which the correspondent could detect. The speaker used scientific terms and spoke with a familiarity of a man who knew many sciences. He repeatedly used the word "we" when referring to experiments being done on the strange crafts. He didn't associate himself with any particular experiment. He also indicated that a full disclosure of the government's interest in flying saucers, though officially denied at present, would be forthcoming in the not too distant future. He said the first disk that landed was 99.9 feet in diameter and had a cabin measuring 72 inches in height. The second measured 72 feet in diameter, the third, 36 feet. All measurements on the ships seemingly were divisible by nine, which may have been a clue that they used our system of measurement.

The disks, he explained had revolving rings of metal, in the center of which were the cabins. The cabins were geared to the disks, which revolved around the stabilized cabins. The gears, which had no lubrication, were of a gear ratio unfamiliar to our engineers. He thought they might have traveled by using the magnetic lines of force known to encircle planets of our solar system.

From its appearances the researchers assumed that the first saucer was capable of maneuvering in any given direction. Like helicopters, which these ships were not, they could be maneuvered to land anywhere. The smallest had a landing gear built like a tricycle of three metal balls, which could revolve in any direction.

Accepting the theory, which he did, that the craft could operate by harnessing magnetic lines of force, he said it was entirely logical to assume these saucers could travel up to virtually unlimited speed—at least up to 186,000 miles per second—the speed of light—in this atmosphere, and where there was no gravitational or wind resistance it would be impossible to compute how fast they could travel.

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Sixteen men, ranging in ages, he would guess, from thirty-five to forty years old, if we use our calendar of time, were taken dead from the first craft. Their bodies had been charred to a dark brown color.

Sixteen dead men were also found in the second craft. These, however, had not suffered from burns apparently, and were all of fair complexion. Otherwise they were like the first space travelers—of small stature. No different from us, except for height, and lack of beards. Some had a fine growth resembling peach fuzz.

The third ship was also manned and the men in it were also dead. This one, a small saucer, 36 feet in diameter, had a crew of only two. These men had lived to land, because they had died while attempting to climb out of their cabin.

Those connected with the research, the speaker said, believed that all three craft landed under the guidance of their own instruments and did not crash, despite the fact that their crews were dead. They may have landed on instruments or they may have been guided the whole distance. But they did not crash and in only one ship was there any mark of imperfection.

In construction, they were quite dissimilar to anything we have designed. There was not a rivet, nor a bolt, nor a screw in any of the ships. Their control boards were a series of push buttons. Their outer construction was of a light metal much resembling aluminum but so hard no application of heat could break it down.

There was no reference to the means of propulsion beyond that the craft presumably operated on lines of magnetic force and the designers had conquered the problem of how to switch from Venus (which is positive) to this earth (which is positive), and therefore repel each other.

The ships carried no weapons, and the speaker assumed that they had solved the problem of disintegrating an object which might pursue or threaten them.

He gave details of the water and food found on the board the saucers. He also told of sleeping accommodations on one craft that had wall-enclosed bunks which could not be seen when closed and ingeniously disappeared in the curtains when open.

As he neared the end of his lecture he told of the discovery of a fourth saucer which members of his group stumbled on near a government proving ground. It was unoccupied at the moment.

The scientists returned to their car for cameras and equipment and as they neared the ship they saw several little men hop in the saucer, and the ship just disappeared like one of those hallucinations we hear so much about.

At no time did the speaker indicate where the ships disappeared to after being broken up for research. Nor did he give any clue as to what happened to the bodies of the 34 men found dead in the first three saucers. "He said simply," concluded the reporter for the *Summerside Journal*, "There is a flying saucer."

He might have added for the benefit of any eavesdroppers scouting for the Air Force that the ships were as real as the planes over Pearl Harbor, which the Air Force never saw either. He might have, but he refrained.

Comparing this news summary with an actual transcript of the lecture, the reporter for the *Summerside Journal* comes out with flying colors. That he skipped such technical matters as the speaker's reference to William Gilbert—(1544-1603)—as the father of magnetism, and other milestones, such as July 16, 1945, at 5:30 A.M. when the atomic age was born at Alamogordo, New Mexico, and Max Plank's theories advanced in 1903 when he was professor at the University of Berlin is not important. Tying all these things to the age of the flying saucers was part of the speaker's general introduction.

When his lectures created such a furor, the chalked designs were preserved by lacquer, and unless the lacquer has been removed are there to this day.

The reporter missed too that the space ships apparently had no doors, no exits. They did, however, have portholes. One was broken and it had a hole about the thickness of a pencil. Through this had rushed either gases or air with such speed that it burned the 16 passengers inside to a brown crisp.

The speaker made it quite clear both in the transcript and subsequent fireside chats at my home that the passengers, although approximately 40 inches tall were not midgets. They had no bad teeth, no fillings. They all wore a sort of uniform but there were no insignias on collars or caps.

There were two or three instruments which the scientists judged to be timepieces. It took 29 days for the instrument to make a complete circumference. This was their first clue that there might be something between the ship's means of propulsion and magnetism, because a magnetic day is 23 hours and 58 minutes, which works out at 29 days for a magnetic month.

Another thing the reporter missed, one that was really significant, was the speaker's solution as to what happened to Captain Thomas F. Mantell. This case had been hashed and rehashed many times, but never once had anybody come near a remotely plausible solution as to what happened to Mantell and his plane.

All reports agreed that on January 7, 1948 an unidentified object was sighted over Godman Air Force base, Fort Knox, Kentucky, by both military and civilian observers. Four national guardsmen in F 51's, flying in the vicinity, were requested by the Godman control tower operator to investigate the foreign object. Three of the planes closed in and reported that it was metallic and of tremendous size. One pilot described it as "round like a teardrop and fluid."

Captain Mantell contacted Godman tower and reported the object was traveling at half his speed at 12 o'clock high. "I'm closing in now to take a good look," he said. "It's directly ahead of me and still moving at about half my speed. The thing looks metallic and of tremendous size. . . . It's going up now and forward as fast as I am. That's 360 m.p.h. . . . I'm going up to 20,000 feet and if I'm no closer, I'll abandon chase."

The time was 3:15 P.M. January 7, 1948. That was the last radio contact by Mantell with the Godman Tower.

Five minutes after Mantell's disappearance from the formation the two remaining planes returned to Godman Field. One of them refueled and equipped himself with oxygen. He covered the territory for 100 miles and climbed as high as 30,000 feet, but found nothing.

Later that day Mantell's body was found in the wreckage of his plane near Fort Knox.

This at least is the official opinion of the Air Matériel Command. According to them, subsequent investigation revealed that Mantell had probably blacked out at 20,000 feet from lack of oxygen and that the mysterious object which he chased to his death was the planet Venus.

"However," the report continued, "further probing showed the elevation and azimuth reading of Venus and the objects specified time intervals did not coincide."

The object, in fact, is still considered "unidentified," and as far as is known has never been identified or cleared up by the Air Force to this day.

But the speaker in Denver cleared it up to the satisfaction of many. He first prepared his hearers by explaining that members of his group had been engaged in government research since 1942. At least 1,700 scientists were involved in top secret projects. They had worked together for five years and had found out more about magnetism in those five years than the whole world had been able to do in centuries previous.

They had come to the conclusion that everything existing owed its shape and being to magnetic lines of force. He explained there are 1,257 magnetic lines of force to the square centimeter. That is to say, to about a half inch.

Around certain areas of this earth are places known to have magnetic fault zones. Here blow-outs occur, similar to the perpetual eddying of the waters around Cape Hatteras. On this continent areas around the states of Oregon and New Mexico are known to have these sort of faultings.

If the saucers fly on these magnetic waves and have an intelligence operating them (like ours or even superior to ours) it follows that they would show a curiosity about areas that were troublesome. Also atomic explosions might disturb magnetic lines of force and certainly be not unknown to their instruments.

This could explain their frequent appearances over areas like the White Sands Proving Ground. Since the air is so much clearer in Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas it obviously is easier for land-based observers to spot them.

Much of the magic, the scientist explained, which has baffled both trained and untrained observers, is not magic at all. A good deal of what is claimed to have happened to ships in the air, such as disintegration, suspension for a period of time, immobilization of their instrument boards, and such can be duplicated in the laboratory. Mantell's plane and every portion of his plane from the motor to the tips of the wings hung together by reason of magnetic frequency. This was true of even Mantell himself. Therefore all that a flying saucer had to do to disintegrate Mantell's plane, the lecturer revealed, was to demagnetize it.

No two lines have ever been known to cross each other naturally. If forced to do so, or if crossed by "accident" you get disintegration and fire.

Anybody who could create such a magnetic disturbance could wipe out every living thing on this earth in a second.

This, then was the magnetic research scientist's explanation as to what happened to Captain Mantell and his ship. The captain was proving a source of annoyance in his pursuit of a magnetically controlled flying saucer. A button was pushed and Mantell and his plane were no more.

Another thing the speaker pointed out that should have been of more durable interest was that the water on the flying saucer was almost twice as heavy as our drinking water. It was carried in two small containers and was very similar in fact to the heavy water the Nazis wanted so badly from Norway in their haste to be the first to make an atomic bomb.

The little wafers, apparently the food supply, were so condensed that when one was put in a gallon of water it swelled up and overflowed. It was fed to guinea pigs and they thrived on it.

From the outside the whole cabin of the first flying saucer examined seemed hermetically sealed and if it had not been for that break in one of the portholes the researchers might have spent months getting into the ship. But from the inside there was a visible knob in the wall and on the knob was another smaller knob. When the smallest knob was pushed the door flew open, but once it was shut again it was impossible to see the door from the outside.

It had not yet been determined what the two materials found on the ship were. Heat had not been able to melt one down, not even up to 10,000 degrees. It was strong, it was light. A dozen men could stand on it and not dent it; two men could raise up one end of the ship, it was that light.

More than 150 experiments had been tried to break down the gear structure of the ship, with no success. It was hard and of a ratio different from the Swedish system which we employ. Instead of being three to five it was three to six, giving no allowance for lubrication or play or wear or expansion under heat. The speaker said that one ship had defied all effort to get inside of it, despite the use of \$35,000 worth of diamond drills.

Though the 72-foot ship had sleeping quarters and even a toilet, the third ship had neither of these features. The latter was piloted by two little men, who sat on bucket seats in front of a control board which was entirely manipulated by push buttons. One, when found, was halfway out of his cabin. The other was sitting with his head on his chest; both dead.

It was the little ship that had the three-point landing gear. The locomotion was not on wheels but steel-looking balls. If all the balls were spinning in the same direction, any number of men could not tilt the ship. However, if there were no movement to the steel balls, a child could tilt the disk ship. This helped convinced the researchers that magnetic laws were involved. The speaker guessed that the two seater must have been a later model, based and built on the knowledge that the trip from wherever they came and back did not require sleeping accommodations nor toilets, any more than automobiles require them on this earth.

Certainly any flying saucer which could travel from the planet Venus, say, to this earth and back in an hour would have no need for overnight bags.

The speaker also said that the thread used to sew the buttons on the jackets of these men had been tested, and it took 450 pounds of weight to break the thread.

Perhaps the most devastating thing he said which was not picked up and magnified by any reporter was that in demagnetizing lines of force a hole the size of a pencil would destroy everything to the width of half a mile by the time it reached twenty miles away, and if not stopped in its journey around the earth could just about blot out the hemisphere by the time it got back to where it started. This terrifying clew to the power for good or evil behind magnetic energy made the unmade H-bomb look as outdated as the Gatling gun.